VOX CIVITATIS.

OR,

LONDONS Complaint against her Children in the COVNTRIE.

Shewing to them her { Infirmitie. / Povertie. / Desolate misery.

Upbraiding them with { Unkindnesse. / Uncharitableneſſe. / Distrustfulneſſe.

Informing them of her { Comfort in God. / Counsell to them.

Chiding the Countrie for their { Ignorance of { God. / And his Hand. } / Hard-heartednesse in { Entertaining. / Burying. }

Taken from her own mouth, and written by *Benjamin Spencer*, Master in Arts.

This Tract is reprinted in Morgan Phoenix Britan.

Job 19. 21.

Have pittie upon me, have pittie upon me, oh yee my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.

LONDON,
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NOV 1 VON

TO THE

HONOVRABLE, REVEREND, AND *WORSHIPFVLL*,

Magistrates, Ministers, and *Physicians*, resident with mee; And to all other my Christian Children, who have out of a good Conscience stayed *with mee in this time of my grievous affliction*, administring to me wholsome Cordials, or comfortable words, or charitable works; Greeting.

A Brother is borne for adversitie, and true friendship indeed is try'd in misery: God hath tryed you, and I have found you such as I may trust. Therefore all the blessings that I can conceive in my heart, and all the gifts in my hands light upon you: since you

have cõforted my drooping heart, *and* strengthened my feeble knees. *And now since you have taken both care and cure of me, let me prevaile with you farther to patronage this my complaint, and exprobation, and to defend it from the malevolent tongs and hands of some of my fugitive children: for all that are fled, are not obstinate against me, but fearefull, or wanting knowledge, and yet pitifull to me in their distractions. This your Patronage I desire, not for contention but edification: because if any contention be, whosoever wins I may chance loose love. Therefore with the Apostle, I wish all things may be done with meekenesse. And the blessing of God the Father, the grace of Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the holy Ghost be with you all.*

Your Nursing Mother,
London Citie.

Vox Civitatis.

E that hath many enemies beleagering him, may doubt, which to set upon first with most safetie to himselfe. And as *Physitians* are distracted with the many infirmities of an old parched up *Patient*, which disease in him to take away first, that the other make not head against his life: so I now poore, distressed, rejected, diseased *London*, once the *Phœnix*; now the *Owle*; once the *Paragon of beautie*, now a *Pattern of deformitie*; lately the crown and pride of great *Britaine*, now a skarcrow and scorn; know not which way to turn me first; my God is angred, my household plagu'd, my hopefull children dispersed. Which *last* grieves mee not *least*, that I should nourish children, who should in time of need so forsake me. I have sollicited God in supplication, I have governed my family with my best adjutation; but my sorrowes increase, and my friends decrease, which makes me send out (in the bitternesse of my soule) this exclamation against them, this Declaration to them.

Ah well said St. *Chrysostome*; *Quid est in arboribus humor, hoc est in hominibus Amor*: The love in men is like juice in trees, which humor seldome revisites the root being once sent forth, but shoots forward into sprigs, leaves, or fruit: so childrens love seldome reflects on the Parents, but boundeth forward to some other object. And so deale you (my children) with mee, whose ungratefulnesse I much pittie, though it may bee you regard it not.

But

But how soever, I must discharge my conscience in relating your faults, that so (if in your absence some of my lewd sonnes prey on your goods) you may not blame mee for not informing you: nor when you returne (if you taste of correction) you may not take haimously my reforming you. And least you thinke I speake without cause,

consider my { infirmitie, povertie, small company.

And that you are not guiltlesse, neither of these offences, nor undeserving my expostulations; I pray

consider your { Unkindnesse to God, and me. Uncharitablenesse to the needy. Distrustfulnesse in Gods providence.

And yet that I am not comfortlesse, marke my confidences not loveless to you, observe my counsell, in that

I wish you to { Reclaime. Repent. Beleeve.

And lastly, Commend mee (I can scarce say kindly) to those unaught Countrie creatures, whom neither Feare of God, nor knowledge of his Word, nor example of my civill government, nor kind entertainment, nor leasing, nor lending, nor trading, nor my large contributing to their Briefes, can win to the kind well-comming of my children dispersed through their infirmitie, nor to the burying of them without inhumanitie. And let those *unjust Justices* and *surly Sirs* know my displeasure, who care not though I starve for want of food, who keep backe the people at markets in their dearth from bringing sustenance hither, for feare the *Plague* should come thither *in a paire of Panniers*. But their fault I put last as the least in comparison of yours, who fright them with your amazednes. But you should have had more hope in God, more trust in his Word, more love to me, more respect to your selves, than this to expose your bodies dead or alive in this case, to the rude courtesie of the ignorantly fearefull (I had almost said) faithlesse Countrie.

And

And all this comes to passe because I am touched with infirmities, which what it is you shall know: my infirmitie

is { Naturall. / Spirituall.

My Spirituall Infirmitie is sinne in generall; but in particular { Securitie in prosperitie. / Unsensibleness of Visitation. / Murmuring in want, abusing plentie.

Which you my children have not beene behind-hand to augment, neither are you guiltlesse. Have not you infected *my ayre with swearing*, my *Tavernes* (which I erected to comfort the sorrowfull) *with spewing up your surquedry?* My *Shops with cheating*, my *Churches with hypocrisie*, my *Suburbs* with *bawdry?* What sinne am I cainted withall, of which you have not the tincture? What paint have I put on, of the which you have not the visor? You have *grinded my poore, you have eate my people like bread, you have sold them for old shooes, you have oppressed by might, and Banckruptisme, you have left debts unpaid, you have opened a way for unconscionable men to undoe others by your departing, and left me*, last of all, *to desolation*, as if you were none of those, who had augmented my sin, and therefore need not partake of my punishment. These mischiefs you have left behind you, though your bodies are absent, and I feel the smart of yours and mine owne folly.

There are some of you, who are absent, whose nakednes (with *Constantine*) I had rather cover with my cloake, than discover. But I see *some wilfully let goe the Plough*, and never look after it; I see *Shepheards smitten with feare, sheep scattered, hearers fickle*, for want of due ordering, *Church discipline rejected, Sacraments neglected*, the *bread of life vilified, your selves in counsel and example despised*. I am benefited by your prayers and paines, therefore I will spare reproofe, as not worthy to doe it. But yet observe (I pray you) (especially the most of you that are fled) how your people grow dissolute, their natures insolent, their eares itching, their appetite greedie, their heads distracted, their hearts

unsetled. I accuse no Father of the Church, for they have no particular place of residencie, the care of all the Churches lyes on them, and they deputed you over particular Congregations for your owne good and the peoples also, that the Church may want no tendance. Yet I say not, that you have bin the fountaine of all this. For you my lay children (for the most part) cannot complaine for want of teaching, since you have followed so little, and play'd the wantons with your bread. For are not *the Judges corrupt, turning Judgement into Wormewood?* Your *Iurises unjust, inclining to the strongest side, because they shalbe well paid? Officers cruell and hard-hearted; Physitians and Chirurgions, aymeing more at coine than cure: Lawyers speaking not according to the truth but the greatnesse of the fee: Church officers full of partiality, and connivencie, resolving* (as it may seeme) *to be forsworne before they undertake the office?* I will not say that some get by their offices, relying on the power of their place for want of strict examining their account. If any be so honest to complain of offenders, *Court-cobwebs cannot hold the great flies, their luggage is so heavie; but some Officers like a Spider can draw in the little fly to the Center.* And though a man have never so much diligence, some under-Officers (for a wager) can frustrate all with their private *Indulgence.* No wonder if my younger children be bad, when my elder are no better; for to their example, *Totus componitur orbis:* and yet some of these are gone, as if they were never the men.

And if their sinnes would spurre away as fast as they, I should complaine of no other infirmitie. But *Quicquid delirant isti plectuntur Achivi,* whatsoever you have done I find the scourge of it, and I with my poore Inhabitants may say with *David* in the person of my Saviour, *The rebukes of those that offended thee, fal upon me.* Yet I excuse not my self, nor my residents as innocent, but would not have my selfe onely censured, because I beare the punishment. I know that I have sinned *in my hard-heartednesse, in not mourning for my late Soveraigne,* whose Subjects now follow him in death. I often desired warre, *when God cryed peace,* or sicknesse

neſſe to conſume my multitudes, and ſtrength: and now am weakened. O turne to me againe thou *Lord of Hoſts, ſhew us the light of thy countenance, and we ſhall be whole.* I know alſo that I have the poore with mee, a rude people, whom I cannot rule, whoſe neceſſitie hath hardened them, and their dejection driven them to *Commit ſinne with greedineſſe.* And as Cookes frame all things to the palate, and omit things profitable; ſo doe they (ſaith *Philo*) omit good, and turne all things to their preſent pleaſure. But I have a generation here likewiſe, who *make a conſcience of ſinning*, whoſe teares are daily powred forth, and prayers ſent out, and ejaculations ſhot up for my reſtoring, who (I doe hope) ſhall be heard in that they pray for, and I ſhall be cured, and they ſhall be bleſſed.

The ſecond kinde of infirmitie or maladie.

In the meane time my ſorrowes are multiplied not more by ſickneſſe than by ſcandalls of weake Phantaſies, and by the comfortleſſe deſertion, and deceſſion of my Children. My ſcourge inflicted on me is the *Plague*: a diſeaſe *feareſull* enough, yet not halfe ſo *feareſull as my ſinnes*, through which I have run boldly enough, and in which the Countrie people hath taken part with me. A diſeaſe, which *David* choſe: before Famin or the Sword, *Let me fall into the hand of God* and not of man. A Diſeaſe, which is ſome ſigne of Gods favour: for hee hath not ſuffered *Famine to blaſt our fields with her barren breath*, neither hath he ſaid, *Sword cut through this Land:* but like a father he hath taken us in hand himſelfe; as *David* cals it, *the chaſtiſement of his own hand: Let me fall into the hand of God.* A diſeaſe, that was the *Laſt blow*, that God tooke at Ægypt, and the common Scourge of *Iſrael*, and uſually ſet on by an Angell, whoſe ſtroke moved the mud of mans nature to his owne ruine, which elſe lyeth ſtill and ſetled, and deſtroyes man ſome other way in time. I confeſſe, that I have heard related, that ſome of my ſiſter Cities have beene infected by ſtrange accidents: but *God is my maſter*, and not Fortune my miſtris: ſome ſay the infection happeneth by conſtellations, ominous aſpects, evill conjunctions, unſeaſonable

weathers, but theſe muſt extend themſelves then beyond a Citie, and her Suburbes: becauſe in theſe occurrents the Aire is tainted, and then kept not within the compaſſe of one Cities Hemiſpheare.

Some have beene (they ſay) infected by meere ſtinckes: they are noyſome indeed, but have no more relation to kill this way by a Plague, than by other wayes and Diſeaſes, which they may breed and bring to paſſe. Bad fumes are diſcommodities that I am much troubled withall by reaſon of my noyſome Children, & idle ſervants, but yet my breath is not ſo obnoxious as is reported: for if it were, five would dye to one, that doth dye, it being the common breath, by which all with mee doth live; and being that there is two weak bodies for one ſtrong (counting women and children.) And beſide, if my breath were infectious, then would thoſe creatures, whoſe nature have affinitie with man (as Swine, Cockes and Hennes) receive ſuch infections in the ſtreets, as would forth-with ſlay them, though they were not kept up in Plagued houſes. Therefore doe not ſcandall me, and adde affliction to the afflicted, but conſider. *God is my rock, and his Word is my Pillar, and the ground of truth.* I know that God may uſe outward meanes to infect, and ſuffocate: But leaſt we ſhould leane too much to nature, he doth not (in Scripture) reveale this diſeaſe ſo executed: but either he doth expreſſe it done by an Angell, or elſe doth ſilence the execution thereof in a mute anger. *Iob* was ſmitten with ſcabs, yet the Scripture attributeth it to the Devill: and why ſhould we thinke but that in a diſeaſe ſo mortall, ſo quicke diſpatching as this, but that hee uſed his good Angell incenſed with his Maſters diſpleaſure, or elſe ſent Satan to buffet us for our preſumptions.

Our Church acknowledgeth the Plague to be Gods Arrow, and *Hippocrates* calleth it δαιμόνιον νόσον. And therefore for Gods cauſe, leſt you detract from his honour, lay it not all upon me: I know that thoſe houſes, wherin God hath ſmitten one (for want of care and meanes) may and doe taint others, but what is this to my breath, or that men

ſhould

should thinke therefore that I am totally infected. Or if one goe abroad out of such a house into a Congregation, and there, (because they have not been aired first) taint another (as we surmise:) or sometimes one being afraid of another, their heart faint, and their blood turnes, and they dye of the *Plague*: Their passions (though not stroken) helping to worke the humors of their body to a soare; is this sufficient to forget the operation of God in this Plague, or condemne me, or leave me utterly desolate? God hath said that *he will send evill angels* among us, yet these can but vex them to whom their licence extends; yet I make no doubt, but God makes the Pestilence ordinarily to cleave to a man by infection, but this doth not hold alwaies that he doth so; and when it doth take one by infection, it is not alwaies mortal.

And this is the infirmitie, with which I am at this time affected. And that I draw you not into errour, take the Judgement of other Ancients, and let none thinke by an obscure evasion, to make mee the more to be shunned in necessary Neighbourly comfort, by saying the Plague in Scripture, and ours were not all one: because theirs were suddaine, ours are lingring. For God made those sharpe, that *we* which were to live under the times of mercy *might be warned by his severitie to them*: And if he had suffered them to have lived under the stroke but so long as *Hezekiah* did, it would have broken out of them as it did on him and us at this day. God is more mercifull to us then, who by space between his strokes calleth to repentance. But let not us abuse this mercie, and crie out rashly, and childishly (before God toucheth us) that all *London* is infected. Indeed lying and breathing under Gods stroke, oftentimes infects others: hath not God therefore given you learned Physitians to your Brethren, to helpe you with preservatives against the infection, though they cannot recover the fish that is stroken? And if we use these good meanes hath not God given us his Word, which declares his power in restraining not onely infection, but the violence of his *Devouring Angell also*, as our *Late King Iames of* 1 Cor. 10. 11.

Blessed memory called it in his Parliament Oration the last Plague time. And have not our Magistrates most worthily, and carefully provided to shut them up, or dispose of them else where, who have been strucken? Which course might doe some good, but that wee lacke persons, and purses to keepe in, and keepe the sicke when they are within. All these things being observed, I need not be left like *Iob on a Dunghill*, nor my infirmitie be so much shunned, that I and my Children should be so many miles severed.

The Venereall Pox is ten times a baser disease and more absolutely infectious, yet my Sons (I shame to owne them) that have it, are called Good-fellowes. Men will not stand upon it to drinke either Wine, or Tobacco with them, who are more fit (not for the *Pesthouse*) but the *Pistrinum the Bridewell*. The *Chyrurgions* never shun to cure these, but because the hand of God is upon me, and a lesse infectious disease though more pernitious; I am shunned of some *Pastors and people, Physitians and Chyrurgions*, as if they stayed, they should be all dead men; whereas this disease is a culling and a picking out of men to set forward (as in a muster) which causeth it to take at the beginning one here, and another halfe a mile off, then leap thither againe, where it was first, and take them away, which at first it left, (as the weekly Bills testifie) neither can it be proved, that all these have by any contracting or conventing ever met together, especially since houses were shut up. So that (as *Fernelius* saith) this disease hath an hidden beginning, and why not an hidden procession? But onely that in continuance, some accidents doe befall upon which our reason hath more ground to traverse and discourse.

But some will say, the Plague is mortally infectious and therefore it is wilfull murder to stay if I may goe. I cannot say so, *If it be thy place and calling to stay*: But I say, thou then dost kill them wilfully (by thine own argument) whom thou leavest behind, or settest to keepe thy sicke: except thou thinkest that servants and poore keepers may be killed up by authoritie.

But

But surely if it were but well observed, my infirmitie rather deserveth an humble reverence, than to breed a scandall, or an offence. If it were meerely naturall, men might like naturall men flye from it. But as it is secretly hidden from the Heathen (as *Galen* and *Hippocrates*) who grant the beginning thereof to be very secret: so the Scriptures declare unto us that hidden beginning, that so wee might know, under what covert to hide us. The 91. *Psalme* tells us in verse the 1. 4. *Of the shadow and the wings of the Almightie.* Therefore the *Septuagint* translates that *Psalme* where wee finde the word *Pestilence* by the word (λόγος) which signifies *a word*. Or else they call it (πρᾶγμα) a thing, arguing the strange nature thereof. These learned *Iewes* went to the cause of the *Plague*. I am not ignorant, that the Heathen learned Physitian *Galen* called it (λοιμὸς) because of his destroying nature, and mortall disposition, and *Hippocrates* called it (ἐπιδημία) because of his spreading nature. These men went no farther than the effect, which was visible, but the invisible operator, and operation was hidden from them, and therein they did but guesse. The Scriptures call us to an outward admiration of this wonderfull worke, and an inward adoration of God, who is the enlarger and restrainer hereof: who makes such sweet promises in the 91. *Psalme* concerning deliverance from it; as, *Thou shalt goe on the Aspe and the Dragon.* Which *Mollerus* on that *Psalme* saith, signifies the *Pestilence*, and used by the *Psalmist, Vt vim veneri significantius exprimeret:* yet not the force of it to infect, but to kill; for the sting of the *Aspe* poisons but those whom it strikes, it imparts not the same force to another not *contacta*, no not by touching of the body so stung. Yet this my infirmitie do h: yet alwaies not absolutely to death, nor doth it alwayes infect to sicknesse (*Deo juvante*) for wee see that your *Searchers, Keepers, Sextons, Bearers*, are the seldomest taken with it.

Therefore the beginning of this my infirmitie being invisible, the procession doubtfull, the destroying selective, (as it were *Morbus rationalis*, a disease that did cull out of

discourse

discourse or reason men appointed to dye, and not alwayes infect the next *adjacent* places:) my learned and reverend sons of former times in my affliction divinely have called for Metaphysicall perfumes. So did M. *Fenton* in his Spirituall perfume, as if Kitchin fire did as much good to purge away this disease, as our pots of Frankinsence doth in my streets, when the wind blows it all to one end. And that we might have recourse to God above (though not without outward meanes) another of my well reputed sons counts no *Phantasie, that print (as it were) of a blow on some.*

Mr. *Fenton* in his Spirituall Pers.

Mr. *Holland* in his Sp. Pres.

The soares we may know from whence they are; the tokens ordinarily we may discerne, but from whence is this? This seemes to be (πλαγὴ) or *Plaga*, a *blow* indeed so termed *Revel.* 16. 9. All these doth but shew us, whom first and mainly to beleeve upon, the God of spirits, who can *call back his Serjeants, and withdraw his Action, and forgive our debt, and forbeare our lives till some other time.*

Yet I feare me all this will not drive *my smels out of your nose.* If stinkes doth it, doe you think the stinks will be ever the lesse when so many thousand are dead? No. And yet you will come to Towne then, and when here is the more stirre, here will be more stinke.

Object. But why did not my stinkes kill you before now?

Answ. Because (say you) God gave not the Word.

Object. Why doth not then the most stinking places (as the Shambles) infect first, now God hath given the Word?

Answ. Because God will not have it so you will say. True, by the same reason you may be saved here, and die there, or here when you come backe, because God will have it so.

Object. But you will say, if it comes not onely by such meanes, why happens it upon the Citie rather than the Countrie?

Answ. Because God is ever liberall of favors toward great congregations, his favours are more plentifull, more visible, and men are more sensible of them. And therefore you shall finde the Apostles (for the most part) dedicating their Epistles to Cities; and the Prophets likewise bending their Prophecies thereto. Now where hee is most plentifull in these,

these, he is also of his corrections. So to *Israel*; no people better fed, better taught, soundlier whipt. And it is most equall, that when men abuse (λόγος ζῶος) *the cleere Word of life*, they should have (λόγος παραχώδης) the bemudding Word of death. 1 Joh. 1. 4. Psal. 91. 3.

Secondly, It is done to the Citie for the Countries example, that the *Pagi*, and the *Villages* round about might tremble, and that the *Pagani* thereof might leave off their *Paganish conversation*, and *stand in awe and sinne not*: which thing if they doe not, though we have the sharp ends of the Rod, they may have (as heretofore) the stumps. Mistake me not; I doe not hope for it, I feare it. For remember when God afflicted us the last time, when we had *Ziim*, had not you *Iim*? When we had the *Scritchowle*, had not you the *night Raven*? When we had the *Pestilence*, had not you the *Plague* also? You had; and you did taste of mine infirmitie.

Therefore consider what I have declared of it, and use all good medicines, but above all medicines take *Faith, Hope, and a good Conscience*. You shall find them (my deare children) of more force than the greatest Antidote. Remember the promise of God in that 91. *Psalme*, 14, 15, 16. *verses*, count it precious, let it be thy *Buckler*, as it is in the fourth verse. *Mollerus* on that *Psalme* saith, *Eos qui certa fide in Deum recumberent tutos fore à pestis sævitia*, that those which trust in God shall be free. So Mr. *Cupper* on the same *Psalme*. And S. *Chrysostome* on the same *Psalme* saith, *Securus habitat in terra, & prolixã vitam inveniat*, He shall dwell secure, and find a long life, but *totum hoc fit per spem* saith he. True it is, for wee see some scape fire and Sword with boldnesse, others overcome their enemies with fortitude, and shall not the *Quintessence of fortitude, the spirit of valour*, (which is confidence in God) doe much more? *Doth not godlines profit to all things, both to this life, and that which is to come*, 1 Tim. 4. 8. If any one object, that godly men dye of it, it is true, doth God deceive their trust in that? No. He giveth them life, and a better life. For God Psal. 91. 14, 15, 16. 1 Tim. 4. 8.

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will not be hinted to temporaries by his owne Children) and if he takes one away in this mind, I hope he doth him no wrong.

Some wicked men you will say scape too. That is, because God will be better than his word to all men, that the mouths of all men might be stopped. He spares evill men sometime, that they may fulfill their sinne; he takes away the good from the evill to come. And this is thy encouragement, that if he spares of both sorts, why not thee if thou stayest in thy place, and necessary calling? But thou fearest to dye, because neither prepared in faith nor profession. Therefore I conclude my disease to be sore, as to be most infectious, yet God can restraine it, and though he hath sent out his *evill Angel*, yet I will trust in the *good Angel of the Covenant*. Doe you so likewise, that you may be partaker of my faith, not mine infirmitie; and cry, *O Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another*. You have seen my infirmitie, the nature of it, the principall remedy against it. What else is to be used in naturall cure against naturall infection, I leave to your learned and grave Brothers of *Physicke*. I have prescribed that, which never failed. *Probatum est*, James 5. 17.

Povertie. But this is not all my trouble, for my sorrowes are increased like my sinnes: sickneſſe hath consumed my substance; and I may justly say with *David, I am weake and poore*.

My povertie lyeth in being void of { Trading. / Monie. / Victuall.

All which I am well-nie destitute of at this time. This I confesse to be justly inflicted on mee for my pride, with which I have sought to out-face Heaven. My tinckling feet, and my tiptoe pace, my horned Tyaraes, and crisped curled lockes, shinne-pride, and shooe-pride, fulneſſe of bread hath made me lift my heele against my Maker. *I said in my prosperitie, I should never be moved; but thou O Lord hast turned thy face, and I am troubled.* My Children have beene so full fed, that they have fallen out among themselves.

selves, the *meanest* thinking himselfe as good as the *Magistrate* and the *mightie* refusing to looke upon the cause of the *meane*. My *Merchants* have been the *Companions of Princes*, but now are gone, their place is scarce to be found. How hath my backe groaned with heavie burdens, and now *Isachar stands still for want of worke*. One Waine may carry all I sell in a day. I have had such trading, that I could scarce find time to serve God, but now every day is an holy day, *because I have prophaned his Holy-day* (even his blessed Sabbath) *which hath been dedicated to him, as a remembrance of his glorious Resurrection*. But I have lyen dead in sinnes and trespasses. *I have given libertie to my servants to execute their wills in Sabbath-breaking, and deceiving*: Now God hath *proclaimed libertie for them to the Pestilence, to wandring, to idlenesse*. My Apprentices have been the *children of Knights and Justices of the Countrie*, which they accepted at my hands joyfully: but now my Children are cast out by *those Swaines like dung, rated like Beggers, served like Swine in Hog-sties, buried in the High-way like Malefactors*. But whither doth my griefe transport me? *This the Countrie shall heare of hereafter*.

I have opened my *coffers* to the *Countries wants* full often, *and have some of their Worships in bonds still*, but now I want it for my poore Children, *and they neither looke to discharge their debt, nor in requitall of my kindnesse will shew pittie to my dispersed and despised Children*.

I have had feasts admired at, whose very sight hath cloy'd the appetite, and my very *reason* hath turned *Cooke* to cocker the palate of my wantons, I would those Feastings had stocked my poore *kindred* in my *Suburbes*, and set them to worke, *that there might be no complaining in my streets: with which sacrifice God would be well pleased*. The worst servant in my house hath had *bread enough*, and *now I starve for hunger*: for *many* of my children *cry for bread*, and I feare me die of the *stomacke sicknesse*, as well *as the spotted sicknesse*, if there were a Bill could bee gotten of *All diseases*. *Davids* teares are my repast, his sighs my repose. *Iobs* message is the

newes most rife on my *Exchange*. One Countrie robs me of my *Asses*, another of my *Cammels*; *my sheepe* are consumed, my *children are bruised*, my *selfe strucken with boyles and soares*. I see nothing but my nakednesse. *Those great Gates*, which were wont to be furnished with spangled starlike beauties, are now the lodging for poore children, or places for dung and draught. *My Chamber and Treasurie*, which was wont to be my refuge, can no more supply my wants, it hath been so swept; beside, the *stocke of my Corporation* hath beene broken to maintaine my wants, and yet my children *cry for bread*: and their brethren that remaine are pressed with their maintenance, and urged almost beyond their abilitie to find them necessaries.

This miserie makes me againe remember my folly, who have wished for some meanes that might consume some of my children, I being not able to maintaine them. And *God* hath now said *Amen* to my ungracious desires; for hee hath taken them away who might have served for my defence. And now I see, when God sends mouths, hee sends meate also, for though I have buried so many thousands, I have nothing more than I had in wealth, or trading; nay, there are many who would be glad their houses were visited, that they might be kept by the Parish, because they have nothing to eate. Yet I have some wicked wretches, who have learned of some *Country Farmers when they want, to grumble against God for somthing, and when they have Gods plentie to murmur for nothing*. For their eye is evill because Gods is good. When they have Corne enough, they say it is worth nothing, and they can make no money of it: but they can make themselves curses with it, for hording it up, when they should make bread of it for the poore. If they have bread for their Babes, and food for their Hinds, and provision for their Beasts, and a reasonable price for the remainder; have they not sufficient? Yes more than they deserve, unlesse the *Pillory*. Such as these have helped to hale a Curse from God, and by their meanes it is I am so leane in lookes, so lanke in purse, so emptie in stomacke.

macke. But I have deserved my selfe more than all these punishments doubled, yet shall they scape who helpe to encrease them? No. That is my feare, that God hath not yet done, and my griefe, that mine owne children should farther provoke him, and helpe to aggravate my sorrowes.

For I am not onely weake by sickneſſe, poore, being destitute of meanes; but forsaken, being desolate and forlorne of Company. But here lyes my comfort. *The poore shall not alwayes be forgotten; the expectation of the needie shal not perish for ever.* And although it may be asked in respect of my *Babyloniſh sinnes*, how is *that golden Citie ceased?* Yet I have this *hope* in Gods mercy, that *the first borne of the poore shall feed, and the needie lye downe in safetie.* For as S. *Auguſtine* hath it, *Pauper eſt in animo Dei, non in ſacculo*; the poore is in Gods minde, not in his purse, so that his purse may be scattered upon the rich, but his minde runs on the poore. Pſal 9. 18. Iſa. 14. 30.

But yet who would thinke children should be so unkind to a Mother, who hath educated them in the knowledge of God, and in the experience of her bosome love, to let their Mother be forlorne of company. My company that I stand in need of, but want; are { Ministers. Physitians. Traders. } Desolate mistery.

The one would help me being *soule-sicke*, the other being *body-sicke*, the third being *bely-sick*. These are others whom I find missing too, as my *Lawyers*, by whose science it hath been spoken of me as it was of the Citie *Abell: They shall aske counsell at Abell, and so they ended the matter.* But these my Sons of late time, have robbed me of that good report, and it is said now, *If they aske counsell at London, so they may begin the matter*, but let it end when it will. These men I misse, but I doe not want them, except onely the *master Bees*, I could spare the *swarm* of them, especially the *waspes*, that doe little but *sting*, and *sucke honey*. I doe not meane them, that doe *Ius dicere*. or *Ius dare*, but those that doe *Ius esse*, swallow the Law, but not *Ius edere*, bring little to 2 Sam 20. 18.

light; those that fill *Westminster-Hall* so full of Cobwebs, though (as they say) it be built with *Irish wood*, where no Spiders will endure: It may be so, for all the *Spiders are below*. I blame not these for absence, because many of them be imployed *by my Royall Soveraigne, and the Father of my Countrie*. And I know that their judicious Consultations may benefit me whersoever they are.

There be others whose company I misse, namely, those that should have an eye to their *Ward*, that it may bo defended from misery or disorder this sickneſse time. Whose very *housekeeping* might have *relieved* some, *refreshed* others: but their countenance and good example in *fasting & praying*, would have encouraged all. But they are gone and left the burden upon one *Magistrate and a few Assistants*, whose care can extend but to his owne abilities, except his power can command them to stand to their charge as hee doth. But they sit in the Countrie secure, and thanke God they are there. Indeed if they had stayed here, pitying my distresse, ayding me in weakneſse, by disbursing their monie, and exercising their places, and afterward (when God had ceased his hand, and they given him condigne thankes for his mercie) and then solacing themselves in the pleasant shades, *might thanke God for his preservation*, and their recreation with a safe conscience. But *to thanke God for his connivency* in their naturall courses (except for his mercie that therein they be not consumed) is false fire, and savours more of the *Kitchin* than the *Conscience*. Let them thanke their *Coach horses*, for *I have so fed their Masters* (for the most part) that I am sure they could never have gotten halfe so farre without them.

But the higher my childrens grones rise, the more I look about me, and the more helpe I still misse. Where be my *Chyrurgions* now, that can *mortifie & revive a wound* when they list, and *rub over an old soare, and pick many a pound out of the paring of a mans toe*, that *can scarrifie a greene wound, and cauterize an old one?* Where is the aide I should have of these skilfull men? These are *shavers* in their kind: but

at

at this time they had rather *carve at a Capon*, or *dismember a Rabbet*, than *lance a sore*, and doe their *duties* out of a *good conscience to their sicke Mother*. If *a man that is barged* fall to their share, who but they to *cut and carve him!* but to what purpose thinke you? As the Priest did of old, *Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta*, gape upon his guts, and then make good cheere for their owne. These have the termes of Art explained, the secrets of Nature opened, but to what purpose, if it be done to admiration rather than operation; and to shew the worke of Nature, and yet not to help Nature? For now I stand in need, I am poasted from the *Physitian* to the *Chyrurgion*, by the *Chyrurgion* left to the *Barber*; where, if I will *wash, and be gone*, and so forth, I may, he can doe no more.

But I did suppose, that my *Physitians* would not have stirred. Men that have *Antidotes at command, Electuaries, Pomanders*, and what not, *whole Apothecaries shops full of conceits and receipts, to keepe all the Cinque-Ports of mans body inviolable*. Or if a man be sick, they can, or who can (under God) *restaure nature, and restore health?* They have many *Powders* and *Antidotes* for other men, or for their monie, but none to strengthen their owne heart, so much as to stay in a Citie where the *Plague* is. To these men belongs that saying, *Luk.* 4. 23. *Medice cura teipsum*. And this question which was most noysome *Iobs disease*, or *the Plague*: and this demand, which conduceth most to salvation; the opinion of a Naturian (*the Plague is infectious*) or the prescription of Divinitie (*he that hath an Office let him wait on his Office.*) If you thinke the latter, *hoc age & vive*, our blessed Saviour shall approve you, *When I was sicke, you visited me*. Why are we bidden to honor them? Because, saith the Son of *Sirach*, *They be ordained for thy health*. Are they so? the more uncharitable and unconscionable they to leave me in this distresse. But since I have set them on *Horseback*, they are *rid away*. My Saviour said, *that the sick needs the Physitian*, not the healthfull. Yea but they say the *Physitian* now stands in no need of the sicke, for hee hath *filled*

his

his Purse, and is gone. Oh sweet *Samaritan*, if thou hadst done so to them or mee, when thou foundest mee lying in the high-way to hell and death, what had become of us? Well, had I but for all this the *Priest* to stand by me in this *Leprosie*, I could have borne it; but *as a wounded spirit none can beare*, so neither can I suffer the losse of my *spiritual salve*: I blame not you, that have two eares, and two cures, (for you are gone every Summer to discharge your office to your Countrie sheepe, and when that is done, I know you will return) but you that have no charge to pay your charges but my purse.

And especially you that leave your Pastorall charge in the Countrie, taking up your *Litter* (*Lecture* I should say) and yet *Litter* as you use it, making of *London* a *Station till your owne ends be atchieved*, or till some crosse befall me and then you are gone. Nay, because you would not be said to forsake my people, you have sent my people away before with your great perswasions to flie, *You love not two livings till you have them, but a Living and a Lecture, is an easie task*, because they are not two cures of Soules, and it is true; *for one is a wounding of Soules for want of cure.*

But this may be defended you thinke, for there is much difference betweene *the Temple*, & *the gold of the Temple in Swearing*, so it may be there is in *Preaching*. He that hath the charge of two Temples, that is something; but he that is called to one, and takes the gold of another or two, with neglect of his own; that is nothing: for my monie may be taken, and your sheepe *left upon the Downes* in the Countrie, with any Hireling that will doe it cheapest. And though my Citie-children lie sick, and so the rest wants food it matters not, you have other sheepe then, let the *Parson* look to these, say you, let the *Physician*, saith hee, let the *Chyrurgion*, saith he, let the *Curate*, saith he, and so with *Iob* I am brought to the Ash heape. But if my children would be ruled by mee, they shall choose such *will stand to their Teaching, and them also; in life and death, sickness and in health*, doing their dutie out of a *good Conscience*.

Mat. 23. 16.

But

But let me not condemne the just with the unjust. There are some of this reverend profession who are *worthy of double honour*, who have abid with mee in Temptations, *the Lord shew mercy to them*, and to those worthy *Physitians*, that have not bin ashamed of my bonds, nor childishly affrighted at my infirmity: And those *Chyrurgions* who have addicted themselves to my health, the Lord remember them when they are in trouble, with all the rest, who have with mee *humbled themselves under Gods hand*, and administred sweet comfort when it was bitternesse with me. My respectfull eye shall ever be upon them, and their names as occasion shall serve, exalted to my power, and that beyond ordinary discourse: Especially those *Arons* who have stood betwixt the living and the dead. In meane time accept these ejaculations to God for you in requitall: *The Lord heare you in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Iacob defend you, strengthen you when you lye sicke upon your bed, and deliver you not into the will of your enemies.*

But would one thinke my Trades men should goe if but for their profit sake? But the *Devill* knowes their minde, that *skin for skin, and all that a man hath, he will give for his life.* But yet Gods servants have ever preferred his service, their calling; before their owne lives. *Moses would rather suffer affliction with his Brethren, then live in Pharaohs Court. Uriah would not lye with his Wife, nor eate, nor drinke unto mirth, while Gods Host was in the field.* And *Solomon* saith, *it is better to goe to the house of mourning then feasting.* But these are all too little to perswade you, till I set before you your faults, as well as mine owne defects.

Which are these { Vnkindnesse. / Vncharitablenesse. / Distrustfulnesse.

Your Vnkindnesse appeares in these foure particulars: *First*, in Disgracing me; *Secondly*, in your Country merriment; *Thirdly*, in your leaving me Desolate; *Fourthly*, in not paying your debts.

Vnkindneſſe. Your Diſgrace appeares in leaving my *ſtreets bare*, my *Temples emptie*, my *Shops ſhut up*. My *Cheapſide* that hath been my *Plate-cupboord* hath *ſcarce a ſtall-cloth to defend it from the Common inquination of ordinary, and durtie rootes*: Beſide, you have made my *favour to ſtinke in the Countrie* through your raſhnes, and their ignorance. Secondly, your Unkindneſſe appeares in your jocound behaviour in the Countrie, at whoſe Lightneſſe thoſe *Sylvans wonder*, as at people more unnaturall than themſelves. Mee thinkes you ſhould feare leſt benumming death might creepe on your angles (which I ſee conveyed along my ſtreetes for your pleaſure) like the ſleepie venome of the Cramp-fiſh. Or Pſal. 91. 5. while *you ſhoot in Paſtime* you ſhould feare, *leſt the Arrow that flies by day ſhould aime at you in earneſt*. You bewray the weakeneſſe of your affection to mee, and your fellow brethren, your unſenſibleneſſe of Gods hand, and your ſhallowneſſe in Religion, even by this. Thirdly, have you not adventured me to the *Common ſpoyle? If God did not watch the Citie*; If I had not one Son left whoſe care hath ſhewed The Lord Maior. him a Father to me, how might my doores be broken open, my Cheſts ranſackt, mine Obligations torne, my Bonds canceld: you will not beleeve this, yet ſome of you (I feare mee) will be ſenſible of it. God continue him in this care, and reward him for it. You have faſtned your doores with *Padlockes*, ſome have *Powder to blow them open*. When you returne, complaine not what you have loſt; leſt I ſmile at your folly and ſeeme to pitie your misfortune. Fourthly, have you not left ſome of your debts unpayed, by which I ſhould be relieved, never conſidering what may become of you and yours; and then how your Creditors hearts muſt be turmoyled to ſeeke after their owne. Hath not many of you carried away the better part of your eſtates in monie, and *ſowed them by the High-way as the Lord hath ſcattered your bodies?* I could name ſome, *but time will bring them to light*.

Vncharitableneſſe. To this adde your uncharitableneſſe, and then ſee whether I ſpeake without cauſe, which firſt appeares in not relieving

lieving the poore, who like a cripple cannot follow your nimble courriers. I am not ignorant that some have given out of their superfluitie, others out of pure charitie, but the most have not: and so the little which is left, is consumed, and like *Pharaohs kine*, we seeme never the fatter; for what is this among so many?

Secondly, It shewes it selfe in condemning the poore; (that they are so obvious to the *Plague*) as *if God had a quarrell against none but them.* I know *they are*, for the most part, *ill livers, intemperate of tongue, and appetite, grosse feeders: and such as disorderly thrust themselves into danger*, all this may conspire to their ruine, by preparing their bodies for other diseases as well as the *Plague*: for this disease takes hold on them more than others, because they be most in number: but my *penny-fathers* have not all scaped it, nor the *finest feeders*, and therefore your judgement of the poore is somewhat too harsh.

Thirdly, it appeares in not assisting me in your prayers. It may be you will say, that you doe in private: If I had seene it here, I would have more easily beleeved it: for many of you are gone, where you have *no Preaching, nor yet orderly prayers*, or at least but *leane Sermons*, though you have fat pasture. And how you will forget your dutie, when you are not taught it, I may justly feare. Other *Inconveniences* you have brought about, as *discouraging those that stay*, they weakly conceiving that they are but dead men. Some are of a stronger temper, but yet *Comes in via pro vehiculo est*; your companie might have been a great ease unto them.

Againe, by your departing indiscreetly, how have you *disjoynted the Countrie with feare, procured rough usage to your selves*, and *caused me to fare the worse for your sakes*; for I can scarce get provision from the Countrie, and so my misery is doubled.

But though you have forsooke me, I could never thinke you would have forsaken your God, but rather *received evill at his hands as well as good.* But you have either in this, distrusted Gods will, that he will not save you, or else his Distrustfulnes

power that he cannot save you, the *Plague* being a disease of a depopulating nature; or else you mistrust that this *Plague* came by some accident; and so it doth *Catch that catch may*, every one that comes neere it. But my Saviour saith, that a Sparrow falls not to the ground without the will of your heavenly Father. But you will say, that you take your flight as a meanes to bring Gods will to passe in saving you: you say well, if you can prove it. Doe you think that God will save none that stay? Or that he will spare all you that be abroad? I dare not say so. I feare you would faine wrest Gods will to yours. I grant that evill things comming from the hand of God, may and ought to be avoided when God shewes a man a gap to goe out at; but this must not be the *gap of our owne Phantasie*. When God leaves a man a lawfull gap, he doth not crosse some positive point of Religion. And if the case be doubtfull, then are we to bend our selves to that course, which may suite best with the Analogie of Faith, and not to our owne particular, except that particular hold also in as full grounds of Religion as the other course. Therefore in all such passages we are to observe, *that what we doe be not against pietie, charitie, nature, civill policie*: as that we decline not from God, from our neighbour, from our kindred, nor from the Commonwealth.

I speake of those who by their place and calling should not have stirred but stood to their charge.

And these wholesome rules, my Reverend sons have laid downe in former times, though misconceived of some of their followers, who willing to please their owne nature, have catched something from them, not observing their whole intent. I make no doubt, *but in generall, and open punishments you may, and ought to shift for your selves by remevall*, as *in famine Abram did*; and *in persecution from one City you may fly to another*, saith my Saviour. But in an uncertaine punishment (wherein none can assure themselves absolutely in going or staying, of life and death) when Religion and Nature rather invites us to stay, it is vaine feare to flie, or els selfe-love without religious respect: except you be such an one as by flight neither hurteth other nor others.

Or

Or else you be such * whose residence is not necessary. But who are unnecessary (if they be members of a Common-wealth) I know not, except women, and young children, and some servants, or sojourners or Gentlemen, who have no relation to me as necessary members. For if you thinke the rich men may goe, then hath the middle sort little to doe; so that in fine, they will not finde themselves very needfull: and let them goe too, and then others shall have nothing to doe: and then I shall have none left but the poore, not of them but onely such as can make no scape into the Countrey, and so the subject of the *Physitian*, and the *Minister* being almost gone, there will be little neede of them too. And for the Magistrate it will scarce be worth his paines; he may appoint an under-officer to keepe the poore folkes in order. But a Common-wealth is a body, and one member me thinkes should nourish another; but especially in a Christian Common-wealth. For as *Iob* speakes in his owne person, *a man in misery should be comforted of his neighbours, but men have forsaken the feare of the Almightie*: the latter part of the verse I may say with him concerning you: You were ever taught to stand to your calling; especially in a doubtfull, and invisible Correction. Iob 6.14.

* Mr. Balmford in his Dial. of the Pest. pa. 69.

One of my worthy sonnes a Doctor of *Physicke* did much blame you the last *Plague*, for your unnaturall starting one from another. And as I remember these were his words: * *It remaineth that acknowledging the Pest his Contagion, We notwithstanding* (who are Christians) *carefully avoide that faithlesse and Paganish fearefulnes, whereby we are made to breake all the bonds of Religion, Consanguinitie, Alliance, Friendship and Policie.* So that you see how earefull they were, and yet how head-strong you have beene. We doe the *Pagans* wrong to put this fearefulnes on them, for they strive to doe the uttermost duties to the sicke and the dead. It is now Christian fearefulnesse, the more our shame. Some of you will say, that God it may be sent it to scatter the Cittie, and punish the pride thereof that way: that is hidden from thee, though likely: but thou knowest, that

* Dr. Hering Epist. before his defence printed 1624.

God useth to send crosses for sin, & yet withall to try us whether we will cleave to him or no. But you have forsaken him, his Word, and me also. Some I feare will aske, Why may not they flie as well as the King and State? (indeed some have beene forwarder then his Majestie in that businesse) their lives are as deare to them? Oh remember what *Davids* Worthies said unto him, *Thou art worth ten thousand of us,* he that thinkes not so, knoweth not what *the light of Israel* meaneth. The King is the head and tower: the Councell is the heart of a Land; & ought to be defended from diseases, least the life be endangered. Beside, their affaires are such as that they may be considered of in other places as well as heere. For want of these considerations I am almost beggered, I was at a *low ebbe before*, but *now it is full flood with me, but of miserie.* I have scarce a rag left to hang on me. For my *Woolen Drapers* are departed, *Watling Street* is like an empty Cloister. And for *Linnen Drapers*, *London* may grow Lowse, if shee be not the better provided before-hand. In *Cheapside*, one can scarce change a peece of gold (for a penny profit) through the whole row. And if I want *Spice* to make *comfortable Broth*, I must stay the returne of the next Voyage; for the *Grossers* are gone also. Thus am I left disconsolate, because *God hath touched me*; and as *Euripides*, πάντα φεύγει τὸν ἐκποδὼν φίλος, every friend shunnes the distressed, but if I should so deale by you, (whose servants are dead, whom you set to keepe your gods) all might runne to ruine. But I have not so requited you, nor will, while I am able to keepe you. For though you have forsaken mee, yet my God hath not, and therefore for his sake, I cannot but love you, and wish you well; and I pray God that a feare of no worse thing drive you home, then that which hath driven you abroad. But now I remember where you are, and how both you and I have beene abused by those rough hewen and unnaturall *Idumeans* (who have neither knowledge in, nor sense of your brother *Iacobs* afflictions) I cannot shew my Comfort in God, nor my Counsell to you, till I have uttered my

2 Sam. 18. 3.
2 Sam. 21. 17.

flie-

ſtomack to them, whom I condemne of *ignorance* and *hard-heartednesse*.

First, of *ignorance*, I might ſay of *manners*, but that you will grant at the firſt word; or of *cruelties*, but that appeares plaine enough; I might ſay of *covetouſneſſe*, as hording of Corne, but you are contented to be convinced of that, ſo you get my money. But I ſay I condemne you of *ignorance*, which is the fountaine of all this miſdemeanor. For you are *ignorant*, firſt, *of God*, and ſecondly, *of Gods hand*, and that appeares *by your ſtrange fables of the Plague*, as if God had no ſtroake in that diſeaſe till you feele it. You more reverence the *Clouds*, then the *Creator*; and have better skill in the *Weather*, then the *Scripture*. *You Hypocrites can diſcerne the face of heaven, but not the ſeaſon, nor the time of Gods viſitation*. Many of you ſuppoſe God to be *an old man in heaven*, and *thinke the times were never good ſince your hens left laying ſo many egges, that made your heads addle ever ſince*. Like thoſe *Iewes*, that thought it a fine time when *they offered cakes to the Hoſts of Heaven*. You are afraid to doe good, leaſt God ſhould not marke you, and if you doe evill, you cry, *God ſees not, neither doth he underſtand*. Some of you I confeſſe to be *better learned*, by the paines of your *carefull Miniſters*, but yet many of *you alſo*, are *ignorant of charitie* toward them, whom God hath afflicted. The Counſels ignorance.

How could it elſe come to paſſe, that you are *ſo ſtiffe hearted of them unmouched, & we being viſited, & to others of my children diſtreſſed*. Some of thoſe, *who are whole, you have locked up in houſes, debarring them of things neceſſary, and the liberty of ayre, walkes, and the Church*. Some you have *impriſoned, I hope they will know by what Statute*, if you have done as the report goes. *Them that are viſited, you will not ſuffer to have attendance*, but they muſt lye comfortleſſe, and dye deſperate of all helpe in this world. They *whom God ſmites by the way, you let them dye ashditches; or draw them to a hole like dogs*; and this (I perceive) you would not doe, but for feare their carkaſſes ſhould infect your ayre. But if God ſhould ſuffer the devill to haunt thoſe places, for ſuch inhumane Hard hearted-neſſe.

usage, then you will remember your cruelties. For no sinne will astonish you, but *Buggs* it may be, would affright you. But I feare God hath worse *rods in pickell* for you then so, though they will suite well to the knowledge and beleefe of many of you. But *your Iustices*, whose name doth import *square dealing*, would never sinke into my minde, to be the Authors of all this discourtesie, and unchristian dealing, till I heard the Countrey-people relate plainely to me, that they were warned by *those profound & admired Iustices*, that none of them should dare to come and convey any reliefe unto *London*, upon paine of being shut up foureteene daies, *oh rare providence!* and this was confirmed by their *Worships* hand, *oh fearefull warrant!* and published as a Proclamation, *oh grand States men!* But therefore I flye to *Casar*, as the woman of *Samaria*, crying; *Helpe my Lord oh King.* For I will not beleeve, that this strictnesse is from thee, neither can I thinke that thou art willing; nay, I know thou art not willing, that I should be Plagued and starved at once.

2 King. 6. 26.

Oh you Pagans, can you be so cruell *to a mother in Israil*, to whom the proudest of you have beene beholding either for Coyne or Counsell? *Worse then Barbarians*, for they would *comfort poore shipwrackt Paul, & though they misconceived him while the Viper was upon him, yet they thrust him not out till they saw farther*: and so you when my disease hath left me, will come fawning up to me, and offer me your service: but I shall beleeve you at leisure; you will urge some bald excuse or other, for this unkindnes *at your lodgings* (which if I can bring to passe, *shall be at the Saracens head*, because you have shewed your selves *Pagans*. As for your followers, they may lye in their throate, or any where with your *Worships* permission) *I feare me few such as you will be approved at Gods barre, & bench for this: When I was sicke you visited me.* But if you have a botched horse with his backe full of ulcers, you can find a Farrier to cut out the exorbitant flesh: but let *a son or a daughter of Abraham* dye for want of tendance. If one of you have an Oxe or an Asse in a ditch, you will helpe him out, (and may, though

They fell on the other extremitie.

it

it were the Sabbath day in case of necessitie) but you can give warrants to let your brother Christians die in a ditch. Your Inne-keepers professe Hospitality; and if a man will, he may drinke like a Swine: but if the afflicted of God desire repast, or repose, they must lie with the Swine. If *their Chambers reeke with smoke of Erebus, and stinke (like a dead Dog) of spewing; that is not infectious because they are used to it.* But if a Christian come from me weary with travell, though he hath no disease, yet he is kept out with Bills, lest his breath should infect their stinking roomes.

Some of them can keepe a *Fox in a Coverlet*, and *a Whore in a Closet*, whose soule already hath burst forth often with *Odious soares*, and *Infectious swellings*, but they can make no shift for a sicke body, whose soule would bankrupt them to imitate the patience thereof under Gods hand; but they must drop downe without commiseration. Doe you neither feare God, nor man, that you are thus insolent? If a man dye, he must be dragged at a Horse tayle like *Hector*, or drawne with men like *Tamberlaine*: If he live, he must lye in sollitude, or misery: Oh base Heathenisme; unheard of Barbarisme; I see there is no Tyrant like superstitious opinion. If I should give my fury the Bridle, I should set such markes on you in this my rage, as a *Lyoneſſe robbed of her whelpes* would doe, or send out some *Satyrs*, whose sharpe scourge should make you hide your selves. But O God thou hast taught me Patience, and I intreat thee if I have offended in this, pardon the exuberancie of my passion, which swels so high to thinke on my Childrens calamitie aggravated by these mens crueltie. I have now played the part of a weake woman overcome with injurie, yet I have not *Out-runne the Constable*, for he is in the *Countrie*.

But now I must shew these unnaturall men (lest they laugh at my anger, and rejoyce at my tribulation) that though I am grieved, I am not discouraged: And to my Children, that I love them, though I doe (not without cause) reprove them. I am not disheartned; *First*, because

Comfort in God.

I have hope, that this *Plague is but Gods purge, to make mee more healthy in soul & body. (In soul,* for *it is good to be afflicted, & those who God loves he chastiseth.* I hope it is *Gods rod, not his sword* to correct me, not to destroy me: His fire to purifie, not to inflame and consume me. And this not without reason; for *First* this course my God hath used heretofore, to bring me into the right way. *Secondly*, because hee hath not given me to slaughter of my enemie, nor famine, but hath given me hope of the fruits of the earth; and hath taken mee into his owne hands to chastise mee, and I know *with him there is mercie, and with my Saviour plenteous redemption. Thirdly*, because he doth it by degrees, as so many warnings that I should aske forgivenesse before he strike againe, when as he might consume me at once. *Fourthly*, because he hath left me as yet the pillars of my age, to leane on like *Iachin and Boaz*; good Ministers, as monitors to remember mee, and good Magistrates as Fathers to provide for me. But above all, the frontispeece of beautie built upon these pillars, a good and gracious King, whose heart I know, and heare, doth pittie my distresse.

Fastly, I hope it will purge my body of bad humours, as vitious persons: Nay, I know it hath alreadie of abounddance, and the rest will stand (I hope) in more awe.

And *againe* it savours of mercie, in that the poore is taken from him, that is too strong for him, (namely this hard world) and God hath made more roome under me. And if I *provoke him not further*, and draw his punishments out longer by *distrusting, or presuming, or for want of repenting*, all may turne to my good in an extraordinary measure. If my *proud flesh* were but abated, and my *plurisie of vaine desires* wasted, *my stinking weedes extirped*, I know the Lord can heale me in a trice, and would too, *for he wils not the death of sinners*; and to his children his love never had beginning, and therefore can never have ending. Some good men are taken away, and many lay it not to heart. I could not well spare them but onely for the Lord, here is so few upon the earth. But he will take them also, *left his Children*

dren like prodigals should assume their portiõ in this life. Therfore *despise me not you of Idumea* in the Countrie, *but marke Obadiahs* Prophecie against them *that cõmiserate not Iacobs affliction.* And be not thou a rod, helping to heate Gods Children, least my Heavenly Father afterward (to shew his love, and to ease my griefe) throw that rod into the fire of his fury likewise. And say not with thy selfe, that my Children brought it to thee, for it was begun this yeere in the Countrie as soone as in the Citie. Oba. 5. 10.

Therfore *harden not your hearts, but by your timely repentance prepare your selves,* either to entertain it, or prevent it. And howsoever you weaknesse hath prompted you on to use this violence, yet because *we are Brethren,* and so may continue in Love, and Peace, as well as in profession of one truth, my prayers shall be powred out for your preservation from inward errors, and outward evils.

And you my deare Children, wheresoever you are dispersed, take not too heinously my reproofe since it is just, nor reject my counsell since it is the token of my love. I know your hearts are here, unlesse your treasures are there. Why should they, or wee be thus separated, but rather come together, and joyne heart and hand together, and helpe to keep the blowes from one another: or else ease the smart of them when they are given, by our best charitable endevours. I know if all but the poore had gone, God would not have destroyed them all, lest you should want subjects for your charitie. Or if they had gone too, yet he would not have ended his quarrell against my walls, but either have followed you in hot pursuit by the way side (as he hath done many) or else hee would have waited till you had returned, and have begun againe, lest you should have gloried in your owne inventions. Counsell to them.

The last of these is yet to be feared. And therefore *reclaime your erroneous confidence in your flight.* Else though that my heart pant after you, though my armes would faine embrace you, yet I love you so well, that I would not draw you to inconveniencie: Therefore for your health

and preservation thereof by some *good Antidote* against your change of ayre, I reserre to your learned Brothers of *Physicke*: not that I thinke my whole ayre is infected, or mortall; but sickly to any that comes out of a fresher ayre, and more dangerous now, because you have somewhat to fright you. To strengthen your heart take this Cordiall, *Repentance, and a good Conscience, urged frō Gods mercy, and built on his Word, and well tempered together.* And for a good Perfume, take *the Lords incense*, appointed in *Exodus*, viz. *Myrrhe, Cleere Gum, Galbanum*, and *Frankinsence*. Which foure Ingredients, have relation to *Prayer and Profession, Faith and Charitie*. These may be your practice, and your contemplation; not to hold *to your nose of vain-glory, or hypocrisie*, as *Exod.* 30. 38. But *to offer to God out of the Censer of a Zealous heart*. And then thou shalt smell it, and others too, and God be satisfied, and thy house well ayred: and then thou mayst returne with safetie and comfort. And if God do touch thee with the *Plague*, thou shalt have the *Pledge of his love*: if with the *Pest*, and not mortally, yet he hath the *Test* and proofe of thee, and thou the proofe and tryall of him. If he give thee the *blow of death*, and the *word of life* also, he doth thee no hurt.

Exod. 30. 34.

When thou commest, come with this consideration; for it is mine, and I have found it effectuall: *Neither would I be rid of his Word of life revealed in the preaching of the Gospel in my Temples, to be eased of his hand of sickness on my houses.*

Come therefore to your old habitations, not to your old sinnes: and as God hath swept my house, so desire him to garnish it with vertue, and furnish it with graces, *Least worse things happen to me and you.* And glory not in your inventions, or worldly policie or care, but in Gods power and mercie, that we may safely rejoyce together, and magnifie his great Name in his holy Temple. And *thinke not they on whō the Tower of Siloam fell, were greater sinners then the rest of the people, but unlesse you repent you will all perish.* Neither doe you (my Children) which are here resident, boast against your weaker brethren: *be not high-minded but*

feare.

feare. Let not the custome of Gods judgement harden thee, but relate unto thy wandring brethren Gods wonders in this judgment, and mercies in this sickneſſe, to his glory, and thy comfort, and their encouragement. And if there be any evill lurke in thy heart, *which the broome of Gods wrath hath not swept out, repent speedily, leſt thou brag before the Victory,* and ſo God cut thee off ſuddenly. That ſo doing you may live in love and peace together to your lives end.

For if this Canker-worme do no good, he hath a Palmer-worme readie to bring famine; if that prevaile not, he hath a Catter-piller that unſenſibly ſhall devoure your Commonwealth, and *the brother ſhall betray the brother* for want of love, or for love of gaine. If that ſerve not to reclaime you, he hath *Locuſts of Hereticks*, and enemies to extirpe us, and pill us bare of every good thing; and ſo what one leaves, the other ſhall devoure. And therefore prevent this Morphew that beginnes to ſpread over my bodie by timely repentance, by a ſeaſonable and humble acceptation of this kinde correction: which God turne unto good, and ſeale unto your ſoules, that the remembrance hereof may be a ſcourge ſufficient to you upon every falling into ſinne. That your hearts may ſmite you, and you returne before God turne upon you in his juſt conceived wrath. Fall not to complaining, but to compunction; looke not at the deadneſſe of trading, but the deadneſſe of faith, and God ſhall worke all for the beſt.

This I wiſh may be done when you meet, and before you meet. *For as David dranke not the water of Bethlem, which was bought with blood* (but ſacrificed it) ſo neither ought you to beſtow our deliverance on your ends, but on God honour, which hath coſt the life of ſo many thouſand. 2 Sam. 23. 17.

In the mean time, the Lord keep you all in ſoul and body, untill our meeting, and after, even to the comming of our Lord Ieſus.

FINIS.

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